No body loues mee.

To the tune of Phillida.

NOw all my mony is gone, how should I swagger?
Now may I sit alone with woodden Dagger,
Robert and honest Iohn with mine Host Kester,
Could drinke a dozen Cans out of a Tester:
If now I wash my throat
Needs must I pawne my coat,
And sing this base note,
Nobody loues me.

[illegible] quoyne lacked,
[illegible] my [illegible] ir Iane's blacken,
[illegible] hee and hee with his [illegible]
Whilst I could pay my [illegible] medlindly:
Now that I haue no [illegible],
With the Duckes may I [illegible] drinke,
All my friends from me shrinke,
Nobody loues me.

My Hostis with a smile would entertaine me,
Now like a barlet vile doth the disdaineme
I had the Parlor before a[illegible] ending,
Now in the kitchin I take vp my [illegible]
Now all my reuell ruffe,
Is turnd to kitchin stuffe,
And I sing, Parry muffe,
Nobody loues me.

When as I had no want, each one would lend me,
Now that my mony is skant, they say, God send yee:
They leaue Pearce-penniles, with high disdaining,
And all are pittifies, to my complaining:
Their words are guilded faire,
Their deedes base copper ware,
Now I am waren bare,
Nobody loues me.

Faire Mayds would follow me fast for a Fayting,
I was good company, Purse was not sparing:
The fineſt Free in this towne, I might haue had her,
And perhaps layd her downe, now I must miſs her:
Now that my money is loſt,
They bid me kiſſe the poſt,
Was euer man thus croſt,
Nobody loues me.

Coy of my kin I thought, would not deny me,
When I to aske them ought, ſtrait they paſſe by me,
Nought but old prouerbs on me they denter,
Saue nought in ſummer and ſtarue in winter,
Old Prouerbs flye about,
No money pull they out,
Their hands haue got the gout,
Nobody loues me.

Faith Ile goe dig for more and if I find it,
Like rich Cobs hand and foot, faſt will I bind it,
And hide it in the hay-mill it ember,
Then farewell thriftleſſe play, and good Ale Amber:
Ile drinke plaine whig and whay,
Vntill my dying day,
Black pots brings all away,
Nobody loues me.

Ile ſaue my money I, to make a purchaſe
Or elſe before I dye, for to build Churches:
Like worldlings euery howre will I be ſcraping,
Or like hel. till for more will I be gaping
Ere I doe ſpend my coyne,
Ile let my Carcas pine,
And eate beanes from the ſwine.
no body loues mee.

If I be once rich againe, I will be wiſer,
And learne of money-men to be a Miſer:
Rather then lend a groat to one or other,
Ile helpe to cut his throat, were he my brother.
I will ſhut vp my doore,
Alwaies againſt the poore:
So Karls doe get their ſtore.
No body loues mee.

FINIS.

Printed at London for E. W.

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The Second part of No body loues me.

A new Ballad that praiſeth good company, ſent vnto Peter Ply-pot, and Cutbert Empty-can. To the tune of Dainty come thou to me.

THere's no compariſon,
of folly to be made,
To the meaner ſort of men,
ſuch as liue by their trade:
Vaine pleaſure ſo doth lead,
their light-braine wits away,
That ſpend and bring themſelues,
to open beggery.
Company aſketh coſt,
Company waſteth gaine:
Let him that meanes to thriue,
Much company refraine.

Such as ſo wary be,
to ſpare and not to ſpend:
Thy wailfull quality,
he ſhall mock in the end.
For ſuch as haue no care,
a penny for to keepe:
Shall neuer be worth a pound,
but liue in danger deepe.
Company aſketh coſt, &c.

In a torne ragged coat,
commonly ſhall he goe:
His wife with ſorrow fild,
his children full of woe.
Their ſtomach ſeldome ſhall
be fild with fleſh or fiſh:
On his bord ſhall be ſeene,
alwayes an empty diſh,
Company, &c.

To the Wine Tauerne ſure,
and victling houſe likewiſe:
You ſeeme to bee good friends,
but your owne enemies:
For all that you doe ſpend,
no thanke they doe you giue:
But in your beggery,
they laugh to ſee you liue.
Company, &c.

Be male content with ſin,
for once a day will come,
When you that laugh ſhall weepe.
this is Chriſts dreadfull doome:
Before Lent faſt and pray,
your death you doe not know,
Thus ere you doe depart,
Earne not your ſoules with woe.
Company, &c.

Though thought will pay no debt.
yet euery honeſt man
To pay each debt is due,
will doe the beſt he can:
For when a man for debt
in priſon faſt doth lie:
Small helpe then ſhall he haue
of merry company.
Company, &c.

The merciefl man on earth,
is ouercome of death:
Repenting with much paine,
his mirth that was ſo vaine.
Bleſt may he be and glad,
that for his ſinne is ſad:
Great ioy ſhall be obtaine,
in heauen where Chriſt doth raigne.
Company, &c.

With vaine all pleaſures are,
then good lewd company:
Good company there is none,
but in Gods Church alone.
Siluer and gold will ruſt,
and friends will proue vniuſt:
Let then thy pleaſure be,
to ſing Chriſts veritie.
Company, &c.

The beſt fellowſhip I ſay,
is for to ſpend the day
Among thy familie,
as thy worke merrilie.
Then happily ſhalt thou ſpeed,
hauing come at thy need:
Full well then maiſt thou fare.
thy purſe ſhall neuer be bare.
Company asketh coſt, &c.

The world may luckily then
teach all ſuch foolish men,
To prouide while they may.
againſt their ſickneſs day
And ceaſe their Ale-houſe ſongs,
the which their credit wrongs,
Leading more ciuill liues,
with theſe true wedded wiues.

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